

Senators Platt and Depew must have a poor opinion of Senator Spooner.

A politician in Strathroy, Ont., was stopped on a fast trotter. That was a horse on him.

One trouble with an insanity plea is that it can't always be stopped at a convenient place.

Mr. Haxelmann says everybody hates a successful man. Not if he keeps his foot off everybody's neck.

As for the Chicago and Alton, it was not "the only way" for Mr. Harriman. It was only one of his ways.

If Mr. Rockefeller had given his undivided attention to the accumulation of money, however, he might easily have been a rich man.

"Is it wise to let sleeping ancestors lie?" asks a Philadelphia paper. The trouble is the wide-awake descendants do all the lying nowadays.

There will be some real trouble in this country if two of the panics predicted by our great railroad men ever come together in a head-on collision.

Americans are said to be the most profane people in the world, but the man or woman who makes that assertion should be compelled to swear to it.

Edgar Salts thinks everything on this earth will be properly adjusted by the year 3000. That's about the time Elijah Dowie is due back here, isn't it?

Mrs. Sage's \$10,000,000 gift to society is to be handled systematically. A great disappointment to persons who hoped it would be a case of go early and avoid the rush.

Persia has only one railroad, and it is but ten miles long. If Persia wishes to secure the services of an able railroad promoter we are willing to lend Harriman for an indefinite period.

A London preacher says he is "going to get the devil down and out of the Bible." The members of the Down and Out Club may as well prepare to receive another distinguished member.

Somebody recently paid \$2,000 for the original manuscript of a poem by Robert Burns. It came a little too late, however, to enable Bobby's publishers to make him one of the six best sellers.

A Colorado weather prophet who had predicted a hailstorm caused suicide because sunshine came instead. The government would have trouble in the weather bureau all the time if this sort of thing were to become epidemic.

An Austrian military officer has written a pamphlet in which he expresses the opinion that it would be comparatively easy for Japan to smash things on our Pacific coast. While it would be foolish to ignore the dangers to which our Pacific coast might be exposed in case of war, we may as well remember that the Austrians thought Spain would be able to whip us without calling on any of her reserve forces.

It is in the atmosphere that makes the sky look blue and the moon yellow. If we could ascend to an elevation of fifty miles above the earth's surface we should see that the moon is a brilliant white, while the sky would be black, with the stars shining as brightly in the daytime as at night. Furthermore, as a most picturesque feature of the spectacle, we should take notice that some of the stars are red, others blue, yet others violet, and still others green in color. Of course all of the stars (if we bar the planets of our own system) are burning suns and the hues they wear depend upon their temperature.

That we need a national song as an expression of patriotism is generally agreed, and the time will come that will produce one to answer all the requirements. What more fitting monument to any American composer than a song that would serve such a splendid purpose? Who can sit in an English audience and not be stirred when, as the strains of "God Save the King" float out from the orchestra, every man, woman and child rises in silent tribute? Or who can witness the demonstration which "Hail Dir im Siegerkranz" creates in a gathering of Germans without a thrill? Men have gone down to welcome death with the words of "La Marseillaise" on their lips. By all means honor the memory of Francis Scott Key, but let us hail with joy the advent of some genius who will give us a better national song than "The Star-Spangled Banner."

There are some stories about John D. Rockefeller now going the rounds that are taken pure and simple. For instance, a Washington story says that he is planning to give \$500,000,000 for the purpose of lifting the Chinese in their own country to the plane of civilization of the American people. A New York story says that he is soon to give \$500,000,000 for educational and charitable purposes in that city. Another story from somewhere says that he is to will \$250,000,000 for educational purposes, etc. These stories are to be believed at all. In the first place, Mr. Rockefeller himself recently placed his wealth at \$300,000,000. If these stories are to be believed he is going to give it all away. That is not at all like John D. In the second place, when Mr. Rockefeller gives away money he places it in the hands of men whom he knows and whom he can trust. His acquaintance in China is very limited. In the third place John D. Rockefeller is too shrewd a man for a moment to calculate that \$500,000,000 will do very much toward the uplifting of the heathen Chinese. There are about 500,000,000 of them, which means ten cents apiece.

Ten cents will not do very much uplifting. Finally, if John D. Rockefeller wills money for educational purposes, he will have the care and dispensation of it pretty definitely determined before his death. So far as is known, no one has been approached on the subject. That Mr. Rockefeller may have some plans in his mind is barely possible. Stories like the above, however, are circulated without authority, and undoubtedly have very little basis in fact. Mr. Rockefeller has given away a large sum of money already, and it might be just like him to conclude that he has given away enough.

In the maxims of a modern British satirist appears the epigram, "Those who can do, those who cannot, teach." For "teach" might be substituted, in justice to the professional teacher, the words "criticize," "censure," "object" and "abuse." President Roosevelt developed this idea in a recent address to Harvard students. He made plain reference to doctrinaire persons who meet in parlors, discuss conditions with no other evident purpose than to determine that conditions are bad, and who present to the men entrusted with public affairs no single workable idea. So few plans are drawn with entire perfection, so few men are completely and continuously competent, that almost any one of mediocre intelligence can find the faults in greater schemes than the fault-finder could begin to conceive or carry out, can point to the flaws in useful public servants beside whom the critic is a pygmy. The kind of critic that the President objects to is the habitually destructive kind. Neither the President nor any other man of action objects to the sort of criticism which presents a constructive idea, conceived in an honest desire to make things better. Such criticism is helpful. But when small groups of persons who warmly agree with each other issue manifestoes and resolutions which cannot guide the most open-minded man in a single act, they are unserviceable, and offensive to those who are trying to do the work of the world. Since Plato and Aristotle every critic of politics and art who has gained lasting authority has offered constructive advice, plans for doing things rather than strictures upon other men's plans. Lincoln, one of the most violently and persistently criticised of men, knew this simple thing. He used frequently to meet unfair critics by asking them to come right to Washington and see what they could do. It is a test the critic should be willing to abide.

An amusing commentary on Pierre Loti's languishing romance "Les Desenchantées" is presented by a reviewer in Putnam's Monthly. It appears that Loti as a matter of fact had a number of interviews with three young Turkish women in a Constantinople harem, though his acquaintance was carried on without any of the mystery or adventure so elaborated in the novel. Loti discussed his projected "Les Desenchantées" with these young ladies, but their sentiments prove to be scarcely as delicate as he might wish. They regard themselves as real collaborators, and because M. Loti has not forwarded them a share of the royalties there has been talk of a lawsuit.

The new subscription edition of the works of George Eliot has aroused fresh interest in the personality of the woman whose first fiction appeared when she was nearly 40 years of age. Dickens wrote to her praising her "truth, delicacy and pathos," and knowing her only from the "George Eliot" on the title page he declared that "if these moving fictions originated with no woman I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began." Froude wrote to her, "I do not know whether I am addressing a young man or an old," but in his delight and admiration he urged "George Eliot" to come and accept his hospitality.

In writing of James Whitcomb Riley in the Books News Monthly Hewitt Hanson Howland says: "As a maker and teller of stories Mr. Riley is incomparable. He was born with the gift. Never too many, never too long, always suited to the moment and fitted to the scene, his story-punctuated conversation is ever a delight. His method of introduction is original and artistic. There are never any 'that reminds me' or 'you remember' beginnings, but with a full appreciation of the value of a good opening sentence he will say: 'When Bony Meak' (that's a typical Riley name) 'was first assistant postmaster at Idaville he used to tell,' etc. Bony gets the credit, you see, and Riley a hearty laugh for having given it to him."

Mrs. George McCracken, under the pseudonym L. A. M. Priestley, in "The Love Stories of Some Famous Women," has selected eight women of strong character and told how and with what effect they have fallen in love. Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Isabel Lady Burton are quoted as women of strong personality, who wedded men of equal or greater caliber and found happiness in marriage. George Eliot, in her irregular alliance with George Henry Lewes found domestic bliss marred by social disapproval. Mrs. Siddons overshadowed her husband, Miss. Holland married a great man, to find him to be emotionally her antithesis; Charlotte Bronte, after amazing the world with Jane Eyre, married a country curate of blameless life, who, the author claims, disapproved of her literary habits.

THIS FOX A REAL MONSTER.

The following account of the effects of environment comes from a landowner in Silesia, and should prove interesting to all lovers of the animal world. One of the keepers came on a litter of young foxes, each about the size of a half-grown cat. There were eleven of them and ten were quickly disposed of in the neighborhood. The eleventh, however, was delicate. He seemed to have had a blow across the loins in babyhood and was but a sickly little fellow. His condition awakened sympathy in the household and he was taken in and nursed and petted into robust health. But care and gentle treatment are now showing their effect not only on young Reynard's physique, but on his general behavior and the view he takes of things. Before all others he loves his kind master and mistress. Next to them he esteems the house dog. In fact, should a "pack" now come across his way fox would probably show delight and an inclination to take each on for a game. Brushed and combed, it is his pride to show himself in the drawing room when requested or to accompany his dear lady on her walk.

A few weeks ago he was missed, and it was found that he had gone to pay his devils alone at a house where he had been petted, getting no farther, however, than the front door, where he stood unfortunately scratching. Nor is it all "take" on his part and no return. He has become a very expert mouse. By day, however, he loves best to recline before the kitchen fire on a little old rug he recognizes as his very own.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Check Owned by John Wesley.
A clock once owned by John Wesley and presented by him to the John Street Methodist Church, in New York City, is still doing good service in the church at 44 John Street.

A farmer occasionally becomes excited over taxes, and political corruption, but he is never thoroughly wrought up until he has a horse stolen.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who formed the habit of biting his finger nails?

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

The two most popular English books in Russia at the present day, according to the Daily Mail, are Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

Interesting data gathered by the Publishers' Circular show that during the last year seven new works of fiction have on an average appeared every week and two new editions. There has been a decrease in biography, history, belles-lettres, theology, books on art, science, travel and in poetical and dramatic works. Fiction is the literary food demanded by the public and fiction in all forms is being abundantly supplied.

An amusing commentary on Pierre Loti's languishing romance "Les Desenchantées" is presented by a reviewer in Putnam's Monthly. It appears that Loti as a matter of fact had a number of interviews with three young Turkish women in a Constantinople harem, though his acquaintance was carried on without any of the mystery or adventure so elaborated in the novel. Loti discussed his projected "Les Desenchantées" with these young ladies, but their sentiments prove to be scarcely as delicate as he might wish. They regard themselves as real collaborators, and because M. Loti has not forwarded them a share of the royalties there has been talk of a lawsuit.

The new subscription edition of the works of George Eliot has aroused fresh interest in the personality of the woman whose first fiction appeared when she was nearly 40 years of age. Dickens wrote to her praising her "truth, delicacy and pathos," and knowing her only from the "George Eliot" on the title page he declared that "if these moving fictions originated with no woman I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began." Froude wrote to her, "I do not know whether I am addressing a young man or an old," but in his delight and admiration he urged "George Eliot" to come and accept his hospitality.

In writing of James Whitcomb Riley in the Books News Monthly Hewitt Hanson Howland says: "As a maker and teller of stories Mr. Riley is incomparable. He was born with the gift. Never too many, never too long, always suited to the moment and fitted to the scene, his story-punctuated conversation is ever a delight. His method of introduction is original and artistic. There are never any 'that reminds me' or 'you remember' beginnings, but with a full appreciation of the value of a good opening sentence he will say: 'When Bony Meak' (that's a typical Riley name) 'was first assistant postmaster at Idaville he used to tell,' etc. Bony gets the credit, you see, and Riley a hearty laugh for having given it to him."

Mrs. George McCracken, under the pseudonym L. A. M. Priestley, in "The Love Stories of Some Famous Women," has selected eight women of strong character and told how and with what effect they have fallen in love. Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Isabel Lady Burton are quoted as women of strong personality, who wedded men of equal or greater caliber and found happiness in marriage. George Eliot, in her irregular alliance with George Henry Lewes found domestic bliss marred by social disapproval. Mrs. Siddons overshadowed her husband, Miss. Holland married a great man, to find him to be emotionally her antithesis; Charlotte Bronte, after amazing the world with Jane Eyre, married a country curate of blameless life, who, the author claims, disapproved of her literary habits.

THIS FOX A REAL MONSTER.

The following account of the effects of environment comes from a landowner in Silesia, and should prove interesting to all lovers of the animal world. One of the keepers came on a litter of young foxes, each about the size of a half-grown cat. There were eleven of them and ten were quickly disposed of in the neighborhood. The eleventh, however, was delicate. He seemed to have had a blow across the loins in babyhood and was but a sickly little fellow. His condition awakened sympathy in the household and he was taken in and nursed and petted into robust health. But care and gentle treatment are now showing their effect not only on young Reynard's physique, but on his general behavior and the view he takes of things. Before all others he loves his kind master and mistress. Next to them he esteems the house dog. In fact, should a "pack" now come across his way fox would probably show delight and an inclination to take each on for a game. Brushed and combed, it is his pride to show himself in the drawing room when requested or to accompany his dear lady on her walk.

A few weeks ago he was missed, and it was found that he had gone to pay his devils alone at a house where he had been petted, getting no farther, however, than the front door, where he stood unfortunately scratching. Nor is it all "take" on his part and no return. He has become a very expert mouse. By day, however, he loves best to recline before the kitchen fire on a little old rug he recognizes as his very own.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Check Owned by John Wesley.
A clock once owned by John Wesley and presented by him to the John Street Methodist Church, in New York City, is still doing good service in the church at 44 John Street.

A farmer occasionally becomes excited over taxes, and political corruption, but he is never thoroughly wrought up until he has a horse stolen.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who formed the habit of biting his finger nails?

MAYOR AND CIRCUS AGENT.

Mississippi Town Turns Out to Show and Everyone Satisfied. "Talks about the South reminds me of the Mayor of a little town down in Mississippi. One day several years ago I dropped in to see this particular Mayor. I wanted to get some information about the town and the crop condition and, incidentally, I asked him the amount of the license.

"Colonel," I said—we always call a Mississippi Mayor 'colonel'—how much do you all charge for a show?"

"His Honor looked up in a quizzical sort of way.

"What kind of a show, sah?"

"Oh," I said 'a kind of a sort of ring show—horses and lady riders and tumblers and a few clowns and such.'

"Ah—suspiciously—you mean a circus?"

"Yes, sir; I believe that's what folks call it."

"I didn't like this persistent questioning and I began to see visions of a \$200 or \$300 license, but I answered:

"Three."

"Humph! Any menagerie?"

"My estimate went up another hundred, but I said:

"Oh, yes, a few squirrels and monkeys and lions and elephants and giraffes and things."

"Another 'humph' and once more I raised the ante.

"Any sideshows?" persisted the Mayor.

"Y-e-e-s," I stammered; I was mentally wondering how long it would take to wire the show and get authority to change the town. The old man's voice broke in on my reverie.

"Hum—hum—circus, eh?" he was saying, "and menagerie, eh? And sideshow, eh? Well, I'll tell you, captain (you see he wasn't to be outdone in courtesy when it came to titles), I'll tell you. I could tax you all \$25, but I reckon I can let you off for \$10 and a few complimentary. Fact is, sah, I'm very partial to circuses—very partial, sah—think 'em a great benefit to the town, sah; and if, sah, you all think I am inclined to be too severe in the matter of the license just say the word and I shall be most happy to eliminate the financial consideration altogether, sah."

"The drop was so sudden I could scarcely stammer my thanks; but the show took the town and the business was enormous."—New York Tribune.

A False Alarm of Fire.

It was on board the Northern Light, says Captain Osborn in "A Sailor of Fortune," that a false alarm of fire was sounded and disaster prevented only by prompt action. A passenger looking down through the boiler hatch saw the red-painted boiler fronts, and seeing the flame-like color amid a cloud of steam, shouted "Fire." Immediately the whole vessel was in an uproar and a dangerous panic was imminent. I was one of the under-officers.

The climax came when the quarter-master saw a minister of the gospel on the rail trying to lower the bow of one of the ship's boats. I ran to him and ordered him to come down on deck. The minister paid no attention, and I seized his coat tail to drag him down by force.

Perhaps it was an old coat, for the seams parted, and a second later I had the ministerial coat tail in my hands. He came down then. He was angry, and was likewise a spectacle to look upon.

He started to call an indignation meeting, but most of the passengers had recovered from their fright by this time, and were inclined to be merry at the reverend gentleman's expense.

He went raging to the captain, who summoned me to appear. I came, still carrying the coat tail in my hand.

"Mr. Osborn," he said, "what are your orders in case of a false alarm of fire?"

"My orders," I said, "are to stop it by any means necessary. I may knock a man down, throttle him, or split him wide open."

The captain turned to the frate minister.

"Those are Mr. Osborn's orders," he said. "You are fortunate that it was only your coat that was split open."

The danger from the false alarm of fire on shipboard is second only to the real thing, and is always a peril to be met promptly.

Worthy Scion.

The shiftlessness of Eben Carter was a byword in Willowby. His wife's methods of getting through life with as little trouble and work as possible were in strict accord with his own, and the children were destined to follow closely in the footsteps of their parents.

"Tient any manner of use for Eb to go to school," said Mr. Carter, discussing his son and namesake with the teacher of "Number Three" one day. "He's duller than boy is, as dull as a hoe-handle than some boys."

"But if you sent him regularly to school—" began the teacher; but Mr. Carter lifted his hand in a gesture of denial.

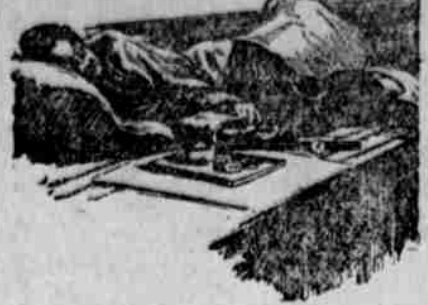
"'Twouldn't be any manner of use," he said, in a hopeless tone. "As 'tis, I keep him out, doing odd jobs round the house so's when he goes to school off an' on it'll seem like a privilege an' opportunity to him, an' he'll be spurred on to making the most of it. But it don't work right with Eb. He gets bad marks every time he goes."

"That's the way with my children—strain every nerve to get 'em a chance at education now an' then, and they don't appreciate it any more than if they had it right along."

Rails 142 Pounds to the Yard.
The rails on the Belt Line road in Philadelphia are the heaviest in the world. They weigh 142 pounds to the yard and are seventeen pounds heavier than any rails ever used before. They are ballasted in concrete and nine-inch girders were used to bind them.

Of the Earth Earthly.
My wife is not an angel.
Yet she wears a golden crown;
She got it from a dentist—
And I planked \$10 down.
It is a rare man who will not lie about his age.

CHINA ROUSES TO CRUSH OPIUM TRAFFIC



The "awakening of China" is to be, first of all, an awakening from the opium induced stupor which the country has been trying to throw off at intervals for more than a century. It was in 1835 that the Emperor Kia King ordered that the severest penalties should be inflicted on all who smoked, ate, cultivated or dealt in opium. A short time ago definite news came from Peking that the Chinese government had decided not only to abolish the opium traffic and habit, absolutely, within the next twenty years, but had made public the means by which the much-needed reform is to be brought about, regardless of the financial burdens the reformation may entail.

What was not possible 100 years ago, or even sixty years ago, on account of the national and international morals of the periods, probably every government in the world would gladly see realized to-day.

The most promising feature of the campaign against the opium habit is the attitude of the press of China, and of the better elements generally. There does not seem to be a single protest against the philanthropic scheme of the government. A healthful tone is noticed in most influential quarters. For some time persons in China have been speaking with contempt of the government officials addicted to the use of the drug. The best object lesson shown to China for years is the foreign-drilled army, from which the opium habit has been eradicated.

It is with the government officials themselves that the Chinese government will start. All worshipful officials, princes, dukes, viceroys and Tartar generals have been ordered to pledge their word to the imperial government that they are willing to abandon the use of the drug, directly or indirectly, within a stipulated time.

Opium users aged more than 60 years to be treated leniently, as it is recognized by the government that the habit is a prop for many of them, that it would be equivalent to ruining their lives if the prop were snatched away. Old officials will be allowed to try the "tapering off" system of reform.

If the younger men are so prone to the habit that they will be unable to do their work during the renaissance era, they will be allowed to substitute others for their duties temporarily.

Shops dealing in opium and opium dens must close their doors finally within six months. Confirmed opium fiends must be given their medicinal prescriptions gratuitously, so that there will be no financial returns for dealers. All persons, government officers or not, under three-score, must decrease their consumption of opium 20 per cent every year, beginning immediately. No poppy is to be cultivated after ten years.

The acreage now under cultivation is to be decreased 10 per cent every year, and, of course, no new land is to be cultivated in the poppy plant. Violation of the "rules as to acreage will be taken by the government as cause for confiscation of the fields. The amount raised and consumed is to be registered; only registered persons are to be allowed to obtain the drug, and no person must begin the habit.

Altogether there are eleven regulations of the most stringent kind. It has been said that, in a way, they are the most important ever issued for the control of the internal life of the empire. The edict is already in force. The country is stirring in its sleep.

Figures show with only too much plainness the magnitude of the task which China has undertaken. Kowshing, for instance, a Chinese city with a population about as large as that of Cambridge, consumes every day about \$1,000 worth of opium. The average wages of a laborer are from 5 to 10 cents a day. Every man, woman and child in the old walled town spends a cent a day on opium. It is all equivalent to a laborer earning \$2 a day spending more than fifty cents a day.

The wealthy families in many districts spend more proportionately than the poor. It is related that a boy in a rich family is allowed a dollar a day for the drug. The millionaires have their splendid opium parlors, and the women and children acquire the habit. The product of the poppy plant is the great lever of China.

Legend of the Poppy Plant.

The poppy plant has been known to man from time immemorial. It did not make its appearance in the flora of China until about the eighth century of the Christian era. But the beginning of the fifteenth century, opium began to be introduced in considerable quantities, and the Chinese government encouraged home production. By the middle of the seventeenth century the use of the drug was widespread.

The origin of opium has been told in a picturesque manner by the Baggis. Their legend says that in the far-off times there lived on the banks of the Ganges a sage who had a mouse for a companion. The sage taught the mouse to talk. Frightened one day by a cat, the mouse asked to be changed into a cat. The sage complied. A dog worried the cat, so the sage made the cat a dog. The dog became successively an ape, a bear, an elephant, and finally a beautiful maiden, named "Postomani," or "Poppyseed lady." A king fell in love with the girl. When she told him, after an ardent wooing, that she was a princess, he married her. One day she fell into a well and was drowned. The king was disconsolate until he was informed by the sage that the girl had

deceived him, and was not a princess, but merely a risen mouse.
"Let her body remain in the well," he advised. "Fill up the well with earth. Out of her flesh will grow a tree, which shall be called for her, 'Poso,' the poppy tree. From that tree will come a drug, opium, which shall be smoked and eaten till the end of time. The opium swallower or smoker will have one quality of each of the animals to which Postomani was transformed. He will be mischievous, like a mouse; fond of milk, like a cat; or quarrelsome, like a dog; filthy, like an ape; savage, like a bear; and high tempered, like a queen." All the attributes have been possessed by some opium users, and some of them by all.

FRISCO'S FERRY CLOCK AGAIN TELLS THE TIME.



San Francisco's great ferry clock tower, which was so badly shaken by the earthquake that it had to be rebuilt, has now been restored and the clock again tells the time. This clock tower is the one typical landmark in San Francisco. By day it can be seen by the thousands of pedestrians in Market street, and by night it tells the time to the sailors on the bay.

HIS SKIN LIKE AN ARMOR.

Herr Schwarz One of the Many Genuine Freaks of Nature.

When she is in a freakish mood nature seems to revel in making human beings who are a constant mystery to their fellow creatures. Such a man is Herr Schwarz, the "armor-plated man," who is such a puzzle to the doctors of Europe.

Herr Schwarz has for some years been undergoing an ossification of the whole of his body and is rapidly developing into the hardness and immobility of a statue. His back has now become rigid, the muscles standing out hard and immovable; in fact, he seems to be enveloped in a kind of armor plating, consisting of surface bone as hard as stone. He is no longer able to move his jaws and is compelled to take food in a liquid form through a tube, some of his teeth having been removed for the purpose. And yet this ossous man enjoys excellent health and not long ago was married to a charming young Berlin woman.

A curious contrast to this indurated man is Herr Stahl, whose bones are so brittle that he can scarcely move without fracturing one of them. By simply stepping off a pavement he has broken a leg more than once; a hearty handshake has broken his arm and a slap on the back not long ago laid him up for weeks with a fractured shoulder. Herr Stahl has numbered only 24 years, yet he counts two fractures for every year he has lived; in fact, as he

OPENING OF THE MARBLE SEASON.



humorously says, the only safe place for him is a glass case.
Captain Vetro, an American, is a "freak" of another order, for he can make a hearty meal off poisons which would provide work for quite a large number of undertakers if others were to partake of it. Not long ago in Berlin he sat down to a dinner which consisted of a plate of verdigris, a liberal portion of ultramarine and a "compote" of sulphur and borax, followed by a dessert of white sulphur. These edibles were washed down by a bottle of patent rat killer, made of powdered glass, arsenic and atropine. This meal he devoured with evident enjoyment, to the amazement of the government officials and doctors who looked on.

William H. Mack is perhaps the only man living who can defy the law of gravitation. Although he weighs but 125 pounds, a dozen strong men can not raise him an inch from the ground and an entire football team has failed to push him off the edge of a platform.

DO WOLVES EAT MEN?

Most of the Yarns to That Effect Declared to Be Fakes.

A skeptical person, calling himself St. Croix, has been trying to find out whether wolves and bears are mangled by the popular stories of their man-eating ways.

First he tried running down the stories told in newspaper dispatches. Bored in this effort, he turned to the Indians. They knew the gray wolf, having wintered and summered with him. Had they ever known of an Indian being killed by one? No; but Mingan was very crafty and very much to be dreaded.

Quite so, but once for all, had he ever to their knowledge killed a man? No, but they had heard—so it went; always the same intangible, unconfirmed rumor and the same absence of proof.

"Now for a few facts as to the wolf," writes St. Croix in Recreation. "He can go eight days without food and can then eat forty pounds of meat at a sitting, so the Indians say. This is pretty fair for an animal weighing but eighty pounds. Yet we do not know the length of the sitting.

"The wolf will not venture on glare ice, he never crosses a lake until there is enough snow to hide the ice. To wetting his feet he is as averse as the domestic cat. He will not kill his game in the shelter of the forest, always driving it into some open place for the kill.

"When chasing a deer he goes at a leisurely pace, sitting down at intervals to give the most delicious and blood curdling howls. This drives the poor victim into a wild gallop and soon exhausts it, as the wolf never tires he is sure sooner or later to catch up with the quarry.

"In winter the deer often makes for some wild rapid into which it plunges, knowing that the wolf will not follow. Too often the deer drowns, but better such a death than one by the fangs.

"In summer a couple of wolves will secure all the deer they need by very simple tactics. Having put up the quarry, one wolf drives it by easy stages to some little lake—I speak now of the Laurentian country—and on reaching the shore the deer plunges unhesitatingly in, for its instinct tells it the enemy will not dare to follow.

"So on it swims, while the pursuer sits on his haunches and howls dismally, no doubt because he sees his dinner escaping. At length the tired deer drags itself wearily from the water, and shakes the drops from its coat on the sun warmed strand. Then the companion wolf, which has waylaid its coming, springs at its throat and when the first wolf joins they have a gorge that makes them independent of fate for a whole week."

Arithmetical History.

A teacher was instructing a class of young pupils in history, says a writer in the Philadelphia Bulletin. She asked one of them how many wars England fought with Spain.